An Epitaph on the death, of the Right honorable and vertuous Lord Henry Wrisley, the Noble Earle of South hampton: who lieth interred at Touchfeelde in the Countie of Hamshyre, the 30. day of Nouember 1581. and in the 24. yeare of our most drad and Soueraigne Ladie Elizabeth by the grace of God, of England, Fraunce & Ireland Queene. &c.

YOu noble Péeres refraine,
Your courtly spoztes awhyle:
Cast on your wailefull weedes of woe,
Dame pleasure dw erile.
Beholde a platfozme playne,
Of death, fit foz the Graue:
Who late inioyed a lyuing Soule, as you this season haue.
His birth right noble was, honour beset him rounde:
But Death amidst his lustie yéeres, hath shzind him in ỹ ground.
When time is come he waightes, accozding Gods decrée:
To conquer lyfe, respecting not the mightiest in degrée.
Intreatie cannot serue, Death seekes no golden gift:
Foz from his reache no potentate, to flye can make the shift.
The Glasse runne forth at large, the howze fully spent:
To share lifes thzed a sunder hée, by mightie Ioue is sent.
The daunce of Death no King, noz Kayser but must trace:
The Duke, the Earle, the Lozd & knight to him must yéeld a place
The aged olde, the midle sozt, the lustie youth in pzime:
To liue on earth cannot inioy, the certentie of time.
Foz as time hath no staie, but fleeteth euerie howze:
So is the lyfe of moztall men, compared to a flowze.
Whose beautie knowne to daie, to mozrow fadeth quight:
And vanisheth, as though therof, Man neuer had ỹ sight,
So fickle is our state, we fading Flowzes bée:
To daie aline, to mozrow dead, accozding Gods decrée.
Of lyfe no Charters giuen, to any wozldly wight:
Oh who can say that he shall liue, from mozne vnto the night.
He that at fyzst gane lyfe, of lyfe will beare the sway:
And when him lykes, as pleaseth him, will take this lyfe away.
Sith he wozkes all in all, and rules as seemes him best:
Lets learne that earth we are, and earth to claime her owne is
The perfect pzowfe wherof, apparently is séene: (pzest.
By this good Earle, whose lusty yéeres, did flozish faire & gréene.
But in a moment chaunged, and withered lyke the haie:
Bereft of lyfe and honoz great, and couched close in claie.
Yet though he senceleste lye, South hamtons Earle by name:
Yet death in him lyes dead no doubt, by meanes of noble fame.
Foz whilst on earth he liu'de, to vertue he was bent:
And after wildomes lozе to hunt, he gaue his frank consent.
In Justice was his ioye, and iustly he did deale:
As they can tell that foz his aide, had cause foz to appeale.
The widow pozе oppzest, he carefully did shield:
And to the Ozphane in his right, did dayly comfozt yéeld.
The nédie pozе he fed, with Mutton, Bzead and Béefe:
His hand was neuer slack to giue, the comfoztfulle relése.
The naked back to cloth, he euer ready was:
No nédy pozе without reward, frō this Earles gates could pas.
His Houle keeping right good, there plentie bare the sway:
No honest man fozbidden was, within his houle to staie.
His faith bzought fozth swéete fruite, the Lozd God to delight:
And made him as a seruant good, accepted in his sight.
Unto his tennauntes pozе, this Earle was euer kinde:
To wozk their weale, he carefully did alwaies yéeld his minde.
Inhaunsing of his rentes, did ne enlarge his stozе:
He alwaies had a care to help, and aide his Farmers pozе.
His seruauntes weale to wozke, no time he did fozbeare:
To dw them good that wel deseru'd, his zeale did still appeare,
On God his hart was set, in Chzist his hope, did rest:
And of the mightie Lozd of hoastes, this noble Earle was blest.

To Pzince he was most iust, to countrie alwaies true:
The fruites of loue and loyaltie, in him all states might view.
In wedlock hée obserued, the vow that he had made:
In bzeach of troth throughe lewd lust, he ne would séeme to wade
Thzice happy thou, of God and man belou'de:
That euer soughtst to make a peace, where discozde strikе had
Though thou from vs begone and taken hence by death: (mou'd.
Among the sonnes of moztal men, thy pzayse shall liue on earth.
Foz as thy lyfe was iust, so godly was thy ende:
Not on this wozld, but on swéet Chzist, thou alwaies didst depend
And as in health his name, thou reuerently didst pzaise:
So in his feare in sicknesse thou, didst spend thy lotted daies,
This wozld thou heldst as vaine, thy lyfe thou thoughtest no losse:
In hope of Heauen & heaueuly blisse, ỹ dzemst al things but dzos.
This houering still in hope, to heauen thou twkst thy flyght,
wherewith thy Chzist the Jueller, of ioy thy hart is pight.
And he in extréeme paine, when anguish did abounde:
To gine thée comfozt from aboue, was euer ready found.
Amidst his mercie he, though iustice wzought thy smart:
Euen lyke a louing sauiour, did alwaies take thy part.
When Sathan, sinne, and death, about thée round were set:
To pzay foz thée most earnestly, he neuer did fozget.
And like a Souldier iust, by faith thou foughtst the Féelde:
And armst thy self gainst all thy foes, to whom ỹ woldst not yéeld
But so didst kéepe the fozt, that all thy foes did flye:
And lyke a lambe in Jesus Chzist, pzeparedst thy selfe to die.
Of Court thou takest thy leaue, thy Pzince thou bidst farewell,
foz whose estate thou pzaydst to God, her enemies to quell.
The Noble Péeres eche one, with hart thou bidst adue:
And pzaiedst that they to glad her hart, may loyaltie ensue.
Of all thy louing friendes, thou takest a fynall leaue:
And vnto God most constantly, foz comfozt thou doest cleaue,
Thy noble children thou, right louingly doest blesse:
To Seruants all thou giuest adue, they may thée not possesse.
From them thou doest pzepare, thy passage straight to make:
And vnto Chzist with cheareful voice, thy soule thou doest betake
Who with outstretched armes, receiues it to his grace:
And with his sauntes, in glozie great, appointes the happye place.
Thy frendes thy losse lament, thy Childzen waile and wéepe,
To see their Father and their frend, in Clay incloled déepe.
Thy seruants streme fozth teares, they wzing their wofull handes:
to see that all to sone of lyfe, death hath deslued the bandes,
His Tennants all dw mourne, their smoking sobs abounde,
And to the skies the nédie pozе, their pitious plaints resounde.
Their foster frend from them, by death they say is hent:
whose want in Court & towne eche where, both old & yong lamét.
But teares are spent in vaine, though they suppose him dead:
He liues in Heauen where Jesus Chzist, with glozy crowines his
And thus right noble Earle, thy last adue receiue: (head.
To thine auaile behinde thée thou, good name & fame doest leaue.
Which so shall conquer death, that death in thée shall die:
and mozе the sonnes of moztall men, to heaue thy pzaise to skie.

Omnis caro fenum. (ꝑ) Iohn Phillip.